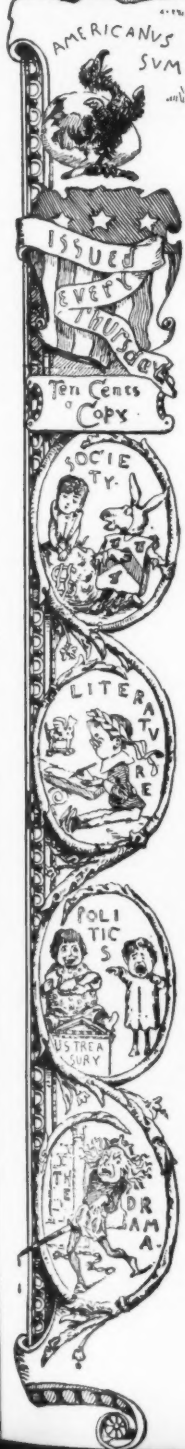


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"ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY SISTER RUTH?"  
"WHY—ER—I REALLY DON'T KNOW, YOU KNOW!"  
"THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. WELL, YOU ARE!"

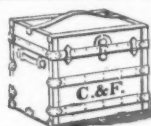
## Sporting Number of Life



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A MORNING RUN.

LIFE does not inflict so-called special numbers every other week upon a long-suffering public. About six times a year it publishes the real thing. The recent Easter issue, No. 961, is an illustration of this proposition. This Number had the largest sale and received the greatest number of complimentary notices of any in the history of the paper. : : : : : Our next special, with colored covers and all the well-known artistic features, will be issued about June 1st. It will be filled with articles and pictures illustrating summer sports and pastimes and everything that goes to make the summer vacation enjoyable. : : : : : Respectable advertising of all sorts will be welcomed to its columns. Every advertiser who is not a regular customer of LIFE should take a flyer in this number. Fuller information and specimen copies of previous special numbers sent on application. : : : : :

**Life Publishing Company**  
19 WEST 31st STREET, NEW YORK  
B. C. EVERINGHAM, Advertising Manager



**CROUCH & FITZGERALD**  
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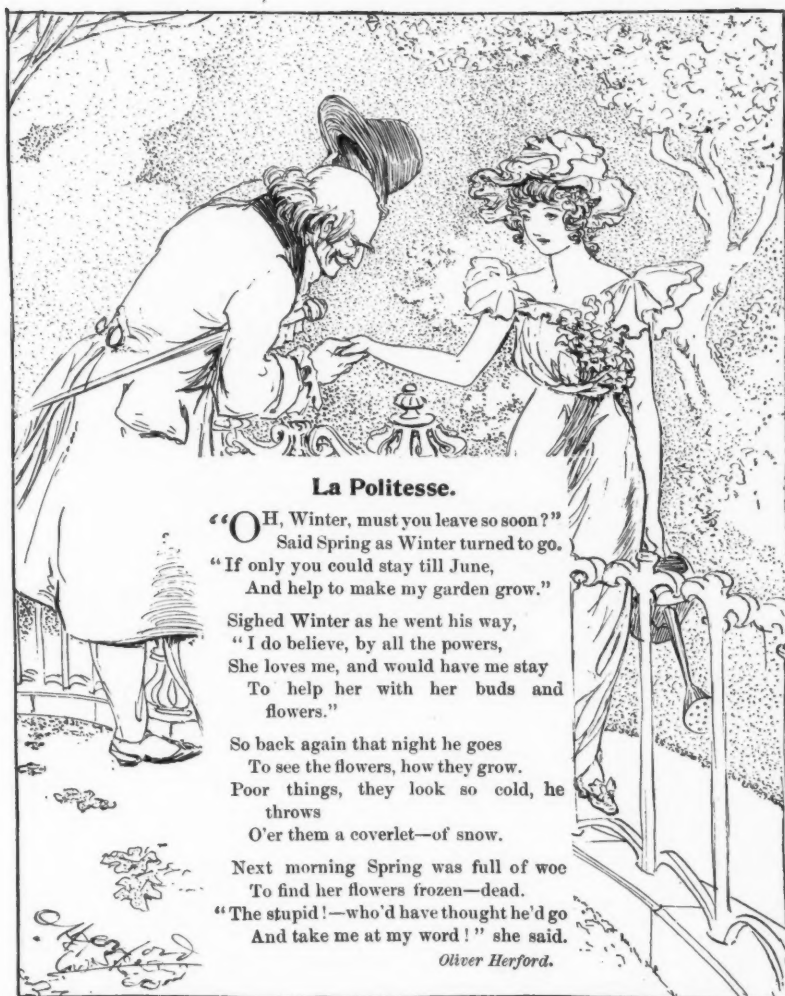
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# LIFE



## La Politesse.

"OH, Winter, must you leave so soon?"  
Said Spring as Winter turned to go.  
"If only you could stay till June,  
And help to make my garden grow."  
Sighed Winter as he went his way,  
"I do believe, by all the powers,  
She loves me, and would have me stay  
To help her with her buds and  
flowers."  
So back again that night he goes  
To see the flowers, how they grow.  
Poor things, they look so cold, he  
throws  
O'er them a coverlet—of snow.  
Next morning Spring was full of woe  
To find her flowers frozen—dead.  
"The stupid!—who'd have thought he'd go  
And take me at my word!" she said.

Oliver Herford.

## High Hats in Church.

**R**EADER of LIFE," whose husband pays the price of a farm in pew rent in a fashionable church, complains because he allows the vacant seats in the pew to be filled every Sunday by strangers whom he lets in, who bring high hats which accumulate in such numbers under theseat that she cannot kneel to say her prayers without put-

ting her feet in them. She appeals to this paper for help, suggesting that men ought to wear crush hats to church as they do to the theatre, and asking that the seemliness of that fashion be urged upon the public.

She has good grounds to remonstrate. It is an imposition for men to choke the pews of hospitable Christians with their hats. They ought to wear crush hats or maybe golf caps, or else go to churches that are not crowded. In

view of the difficulty of inducing them to do either, our advice to our friend is to ignore the hats altogether and pursue her devotions without any regard for them. Pews are made for prayers, not for hats. It is better that a dozen hats should go to the devil than that one worshipper's chance of salvation should be prejudiced.

## Name; Please?

**T**HE Golden Age has vanished and (perhaps) the Age of Brass; The Silver and the Iron Age have likewise come to pass:  
But when the scholars name our time,  
I wonder if they'll feel  
It should be called the Novel Age, or just  
the Age of Steel? *H. H. H.*

**W**INKLETON: The Penumbria steamship came in early this morning, didn't she?

**CABLETON:** Yes.

"Well, I must stroll down there and get my wife. The custom house officials ought to be through with her by this time."

**A** GAIN it is rumored that Mr. Carnegie has in mind the establishment of an endowed theatre. Every time such a valuable educational institution is mentioned, the newspapers that speak for the Syndicate sneer at the idea as impracticable. It is very evident that the members of the Syndicate dread the idea of a theatre which, by contrast, will show how utterly their own productions are lacking in true art.



TROUBLE BREWING.

JUST YOU WAIT TILL WE GET OUT OF HERE!





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVII. MAY 2, 1901. No. 165.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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MR. J. P. MORGAN is, now a days, about the most necessary and conspicuous citizen on the footstool. No one is so closely watched and sedulously followed as he. He is in England now. He bought the stolen Gains-

borough last month, and if there were any more stolen Gainsboroughs in the market we should all be wanting shares in them. When the cable announces that he has bought a new pair of striped trousers at Poole's, all Wall Street cables to Poole for striped trousers. He is an extraordinary man, but his vogue is more extraordinary still. If the Earth was to be created again, Mr. Morgan's syndicate, which would include Mr. Rockefeller, would bid on the job, and the Equitable Life, the Mutual Life and the Bank of the Whole Thing would help underwrite it. When the papers suggest that Mr. Morgan is going to build the Panama Canal, lend England three hundred million dollars, frame a constitution for Russia and settle up the Chinese indemnity, none of us feels that any of these jobs is too big for him. What he eats, what he drinks, the kind of cigars he smokes, the size of his hat, and the fact that he takes no more exercise than he can help, are all regarded as matters meet for meditation. The first big mark that has been

made on the Twentieth Century has been made by him. He plays a great game and plays it wonderfully. The world has confidence in his brains, but after all, a greater part of his strength is due to the confidence it has in his probity, and to its impression that he takes large views and is even more concerned to serve his generation than to heap up unnecessary accumulations for himself.



THE possibility that Harvard University, at the instance of Senator Hoar, will make the President an LL.D. at the next commencement, is distressing to a good many Harvard graduates, some of whom have freed their minds about it in letters to the *Evening Post*. Some of these letters are intemperate; others are moderate and dignified. Some argue against the man, others against the propriety of conferring an honorary degree upon any President during his term of office. Harvard once offered such a tribute to Mr. Cleveland, but he courteously declined it.

The argument that Mr. McKinley is a double-dyed villain and unworthy to be named Doctor of Laws by Harvard is not useful. Too few persons, Harvard graduates or otherwise, concur in that opinion of him. No argument based on personal or political considerations is adapted to the situation. It is always a fair presumption that the President of the United States, especially if he is serving his second term, is fit, in character, abilities and acquirements, to be an LL.D. of any university in the country. It is not the province of a university to go behind the returns in such a case. To honor a man whom the people have twice sent to the White House is to honor the people who sent him there, and that is proper enough if a university chooses to do it. But there is strength in the other argument, that it is inexpedient for a great university to give LL.D.'s to men in office, who are necessarily representatives of policies which nearly half the people in the country distrust and disapprove. Those gentlemen who say that Harvard should not offer her LL.D. to any President in office have a good case and are justified in speaking up.

But after all, the matter is in good hands. If President Eliot and a majority of the Harvard Fellows and Overseers are able to agree that it is seemly to confer an honorary degree on the Major, it is safe to conclude that their action will not be much amiss. The Boston district is not overmuch addicted to imperialism, and is not in the least likely to lose its head over the President. The administration co-operated cordially in the Harvard plan for summer-schooling the Cuban teachers, and Harvard would be justified in bearing that incident in mind.



MATTERS are going pretty well in our outlying districts. Beyond question the Philippines are in better order than they have been since we got them, and there is good hope that something like a satisfactory agreement will be reached with Cuba. At any rate Cuba is not getting any serious harm at present. She needs time to think and to work, and she is getting it. Pretty soon the Supreme Court will decide whether the Constitution follows the flag and, incidentally, whether we have a right to levy import duties on merchandise that comes to our ports from islands that we have annexed. If the court decides that we have not that right, the party which disapproves of annexation of distant islands will be strongly reinforced by business and agricultural interests which will fear competition.



THE short cut to riches just now seems to be to steal somebody's child. It is excessively unpopular among parents and their sympathizers, and no one who is caught at it need be surprised at any expressions of public disfavor which may overtake him, or even at the sudden failure of his health. The case of the McCormick boy who disappeared several weeks ago has been complicated by suspicions that he might have run away. Whether he went willingly or not it is time that he came back, for his absence harasses the public mind.





REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR—V.

I was in this perfect home for about five years, growing fonder of my master and mistress all the time. Two children came to them to make their joy complete. One sad day, I well remember, my master received word that he must take command of some of the reinforcements, under Braddock, going to America. My dear mistress was left prostrated.



SOMEtime before his death, Prof. F. Max Müller undertook, at the solicitation of his friends, to write a more personal account of his life than that given in *Auld Lang Syne*. That portion of the work completed at the time of his death last October is now published under the title of *My Autobiography, A Fragment*. Unfortunately it carries one scarcely beyond the beginning of the Professor's career at Oxford, and gives little insight into his views upon the subject of his life work outside his Sanskrit studies. It does give us, however, an unconscious picture of a very broad and lovely character. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

For *A Question of Silence* Miss Alexandra M. Douglas has constructed a very good plot and conceived some excellent characters. But this promising material is wasted by what may be termed a Sunday-school-library style, whereby the children are made to talk copy-book, and the grown people kept forever conscious that their main duty in life is to point a moral. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

In the line of light summer fiction *Dupes*, by Ethel Watts Mumford, is entertaining and novel. It gives the history of the founding of a new "religion," and the unexpected way in which the successful cult reacted upon one of its founders. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It is now nearly six months since a book has appeared dealing with Philadelphia during the Revolution. To read *Betsy Ross*, by Chauncy C. Hotchkiss, therefore, is like coming home after a long absence. It seems so natural to meet George Washington again! (D. Appleton and Company.)

Those for whom the sea, its beauty, its romance and its mysteries, have a fascination, will enjoy T. Frank Bullen's book, *A Sack of Shakings*. It contains thirty-five articles ranging from essays to seayarns, and is entirely free from all "belay-the-to-gal't-bolins" style of conversation. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

*Our Fate and the Zodiac* is the title of a volume by Margaret Mayo, which is a combination of birthday-book and summary of astrological teachings and superstitions. An introduction in which the author argues with more seriousness than logic for the truth of these beliefs adds an unintentional strain of the serio-comic. (Brentano's.)

A little book of fairy tales, by Helen Wells, called *King Kindness and the Witch*,

should be welcome to entertainers of small children. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N.Y.)  
J. B. Kerfoot.

### A Mistake.

IT was the usual scene at the wharf of the steamer just in, arrived from Europe, as the passengers, huddled together in a pen by themselves, were being kept in waiting by the custom house officials.

Suddenly the head inspector, pausing in his scrutiny of the wee bit of humanity held in the arms of the nurse, turned to the mother and said:

"Madam, was that child born in this country?"

"He was not."

"He belongs to you, does he?"

"He does."

"Then you are bringing into this country an article of foreign importation. I shall have to send him to the warehouse to be stamped and checked."

"But that baby is mine. What do you mean, sir? Surely I have a right to my own."

The inspector smiled.

"You only think so, madam. This is the New York custom house. The government has instructed me to make as much trouble as possible and I'm going to do it. This is a contraband article. You had it covered up with a cloth to get it in free of duty. It will have to be held."

The mother pointed to a man on the outside, who was gesticulating madly among the throng waiting to welcome their friends and dear ones home. He had just arrived.

"That gentleman there," she said, "is my husband. If you harm a hair of my baby's head, he-will-kill you!"

The inspector turned, and his face grew pale.

"An error!" he muttered under his breath.

He bowed to the ground and opened the gate.

"A thousand pardons," he muttered. "Forgive me! Why that is Mr. Solomon-Isaacs, one of our largest manufacturers. Of course his child comes in free."

### News.

"WHAT'S your son been doing in the Philippines?"

"Fighting for his country."

"What! Has he turned Filipino?"

## The Merry Magnates.

### A Financial Farce-Comedy.

(The scene is laid on the steps of the Sub-Treasury, by special permission of Mark Hanna. The figure of George Washington is discreetly veiled for the occasion and moved to one side. The stage is filled with messenger boys, "curbers" and hurrying spectators of all kinds. As the curtain goes up, in a burst of music and amid a cluster of torchlights and a glare of Greek fire, there marches to the front a solid phalanx of Wall Street brokers. All sing.)

#### SONG OF THE WALL STREET BROKERS.

We're an acrobatic caucus of ability  
And of otherwise neurotical agility;  
We're the bulwark of the nation,  
And we thrive upon sensation,  
And we make the most of human imbecility.

Canards and pools  
Are our daily tools,  
And our wits are the things we rely on.  
We love to cram  
On mint sauce and lamb,  
And the beds that we make, others  
Lie on.

We remove the surplus cash with  
great rapidity,  
Of those who've earned it by their  
brows' humidity;  
As a gambling aggregation,  
We are sanctioned by the nation,  
And we thrive upon the average  
cupidity.

To go long or short  
Is our daily sport,  
And there's never a priest to exhort us.  
Our conscience is clear,  
While the public dear  
With its cash is prepared to support us.



PECULIAR EXPRESSION IN HOCHMEIER'S EYES  
WHEN HE IS CLOSING A BARGAIN.



"I'm a canny Scot."



"We find that it pays"

We're a glittering gaudy success,  
Ha! Ha!  
As every one loves to confess, Ha!  
Ha!

We're a "bulwark" of civilization.  
And while we are stacking the cards,  
Ha! Ha!  
And hatching new fakes and canards,  
Ha! Ha!

We are dubbed "a good thing" by  
the nation!

*(A whistle is now heard in the distance, gradually growing nearer, until a huge chariot of gold and silver, made in the form of a railroad engine, is borne on the stage by an army of slaves. In the centre sits The Money King. He waves a pigeon-blood ruby director's gavel solemnly to right and left, enjoining silence on all, and chants as follows:)*

CHANT OF THE MONEY KING.

O ye minions deferential,  
I'm a plutocrat potential,  
In my presence you must hide  
unseemly mirth!  
I'm a money king gigantic!  
From Pacific to Atlantic  
I am trying to reorganize the  
earth!

The bright steel rail  
I use as a flail

To level the human trash,  
And my coffers untold  
Are filled full with gold,  
For I am the King of Cash!

When governments are needy,  
I'm generally most greedy,  
For that's the time a cash king  
never sleeps;  
And when I get to Heaven,  
I shall introduce some leaven  
And reorganize the Kingdom come  
for keeps.

Each day a trust  
I can make from dust,  
A power that is all my own;  
And the shares advance,  
While my puppets dance,  
And I smile from my golden throne.

CHORUS.

Oh, the warmth of his gold  
Is a power untold!  
We believe it is most essential  
To restrain our mirth  
(For he's king of the earth)  
And be to him deferential.

*(The music suddenly ceases, there is a murmur of subdued awe as the strain of bagpipes is heard in the distance. All stop short and listen, as the complacent figure of Andrew Carnegie steps into*

*full view. His whiskers have been dyed purple for the great occasion and he is dressed in full Highland costume, with short kilt and bare legs. He plays a prelude on his bagpipes and then advances to the front and begins his solo.)*

SONG OF THE SELF-MADE MAN. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

A self-made man you behold in me,  
Of "Hoot Mon" strain is my an-  
cestry.

I made my pile in a way that you  
With deep green eyes have a mind  
to view;

I dealt with others and made them  
squirm,  
And learned how the early bird caught  
the worm.

I'm a canny Scot  
With a broad soul plot,  
But a most expressive eye,  
And I made my pile  
In the broad-gauge style,  
For a canny Scot am I!

CHORUS.

A self-made man you behold in him,  
Of whisker sleek and of conscience trim.  
As millionaire he has made 'em squirm,  
And learned how the early bird caught  
the worm.



I made my pile and it then became  
A problem what to do with the same.  
My chief desire is to act a part,  
Which makes it plain I possess a  
heart;  
So to read my name at every turn,  
I'm bent on giving 'em books to  
burn.

I'm a non-sectarian, million-  
aire, merry 'un, bound to  
give or die;  
A philanthropical, newspaper  
topical, canny Scot am I!

CHORUS.

In him behold a millionaire,  
A million a month is his ceaseless  
care,  
And to read his name at every turn,  
He's bent on giving us books to  
burn!

*(A great commotion is now observed,  
as a sandwich man, with a sign "Bor-  
row From Me" in front makes his way  
through the throng. Cries of "Throw  
him out!" are heard on all sides, until  
he is finally recognized, and as subdued  
titters are heard in rear, he steps to  
front and begins.)*

Song—A POVERTY-STRICKEN MIL-  
LIONAIRE. RUSSELL SAGE.

I'm a poverty-stricken millionaire,  
My clothes, you'll observe, are  
quite threadbare;  
I regard it as most injurious  
To buy the things that I really need,  
It suits me better to practice greed,  
For I am by nature penurious.

CHORUS.

He regards it as quite injurious  
To be otherwise than penurious.  
They call me mean, but I can  
afford  
In view of my poverty-stricken  
hoard,  
To be thus termed usurious.  
I worship only the golden calf,  
And everything else is the veriest  
chaff:

Extravagance makes me furious.

CHORUS.

Extravagance makes him furious,  
He'd rather be thought usurious.  
When money is tight I lend it out  
At borrowing rates that are high,  
no doubt,  
Just to satisfy the curious;  
But then, it is needful to use the  
wares



"I'm the greatest yet."

Of poverty-stricken millionaires  
Who never can be luxurious.

CHORUS.

In order to lend to the curious,  
He himself is never luxurious.  
And so, in my threadbare way,  
let me state,  
Tho' I have no soul, I've an in-  
terest rate  
That's never a moment spurious;  
And I'd rather be mean and out  
for the pelf  
Than be untrue to my genuine self,  
Which is, as you know, penurious.

CHORUS.

His rates are never spurious;  
He's true to himself, penurious.

*(He is here joined by Hetty Green, who walks  
up and pats him on the back approvingly, while  
she sings.)*

SONG OF APPROVAL. HETTY GREEN.

I've nodded my head  
At th' things you've said,  
In emphatic confirmation!  
And it makes me glad  
To think I have had  
The self-same education!

*(They trip up and down on the stage  
arm in arm, singing.)*

Duet—HETTY GREEN AND RUSSELL  
SAGE.

They may laugh at our ways,  
But we find that it pays,  
So who cares!  
We're a pair of penurious, strictly  
usurious, never luxurious  
Millionaires!

*(The stage now suddenly becomes dark,  
and there is a great rumbling noise im-  
mediately preceding the famous tank  
scene, which now takes place amid tre-  
mendous applause. In the midst of the  
tank, in a diamond-studded gondola,  
reclines the head of the oil trust, is la  
Cleopatra. He gracefully acknowledges  
the universal homage, and then steps  
forward and sings.)*

Solo—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

You must all allow  
That your deepest bow  
Is due to my generosity;  
For I am the Prince  
(And have been years since)  
Of oleaginosity!

In my unctuous way  
I have had full sway,  
And yet without pomposity,  
Of my millions galore  
As they grow on to more,  
Through oleaginosity!

Others there be  
Who may vie with me,  
Yet I say it without verbosity,  
They're not in it at all,  
For I'm beyond call  
By oleaginosity!  
From Standard oil  
I was made without toil,  
And without undue precocity.  
I'm the greatest yet,  
Although not by sweat,  
But oleaginosity!

CHORUS.

His dividends increasing were not  
gathered by precocity,  
But—we sing it without ceasing—  
it was oleaginosity!

*(He takes his place in the throng, which now  
falls in, and marches and countermarches to the  
national anthem. Then all join hands and sing.)*

FINAL CHORUS—THE COMPANY.

We are magnates bold,  
With a power untold,  
Which baffles imagination;  
The masses may cry  
And politics ply,  
But it's we who rule the nation.

(CURTAIN.)

Tom Masson.



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SURE TO BE.

She: I AM SO ANXIOUS TO HAVE THESE THEATRICALS A SUCCESS. IF THE MEMBERS ARE ONLY ENTHUSIASTIC, IT *will* BE.

He: HAVE NO FEAR. EVERY MAN IN IT IS TO MAKE LOVE TO ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.



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THE RETURN OF THE CON



From LIFE of June 2, 1898.

# The Eagle and the Lion.

(With apologies to "Alice in Wonderland.")

THE Eagle and the Old Lion  
Went walking hand in hand.  
They laughed like anything to see  
Such quantities of land.  
"If it could all belong to us  
I think it would be grand!"

"If seven kings with seven hosts  
Should want the reason why,  
Do you suppose," the Eagle said,  
"We'd funk it, you and I?"  
"I doubt it," said the Old Lion,  
And winked a humble eye.





### For a Better Supply of Comedians.



ONE fact is made very patent by the performance of "The Prima Donna" at the Herald Square, and that is the crying need for a new supply of light-opera comedians. Unless the need is soon supplied light opera as a form of stage entertainment is bound to become extinct. Looking over the field we find the veterans Barnabee, Francis Wilson, Frank Daniels and DeWolf Hopper dropping into desuetude because of the familiarity of the public with the mannerisms on which a large part of their fun depends and absolutely no comedians of a newer growth coming on to take their places. Seabrooke, Bigelow, D'Angelis, and Mann have none of them shown ability that promises much in the future, and such unoriginal and stereotyped performers as Mr. Herbert Cawthorne, Mr. Herbert Clayton and Mr. William Cameron in "The Prima Donna" show the crying need of new blood in this line of business. Negro minstrelsy, which has furnished the regular stage with many of its fun-makers, has so dwindled in importance that it can no longer be relied upon as a training school and source of supply. Vaudeville, which has given us a few specialists like the Rogers Brothers, Weber, Fields, Warfield and their contemporaries, seems to produce nothing but weak imitators of these successes.

That our comedians have, most of them, come from the bottom up may account for their lack of versatility and originality, and the lower sources having apparently gone dry, the business of being a comedian may possibly become a refuge for some collegians who have shown ability in college plays and who are looking for a life occupation suited to their abilities. The conditions surrounding theatrical life have been such that an educated man with other callings open to him might well hesitate to enter it. We have in mind several instances of college men who with experience would have succeeded on the professional stage and who had sufficient liking for the career to embrace it had it not been a most unusual proceeding for persons of their antecedents and had it not been for the opposition they would have met with from their families and

friends. Actors are no longer looked upon as rogues and vagabonds, and it may be that the stage's crying need for brains and new thought, together with the handsome rewards it offers, may tempt a supply of material from hitherto unused sources—material which would be valuable to the theatre in more ways than one.



COMEDIANS are not always to be blamed for their failure to be comic. Oftentimes the matter provided for their use is such that they are bound to fail. That is true in the case of "The Prima Donna."

Mr. Harry B. Smith, who is responsible for the book, would better take a trip around the world, going from Europe to Vladivostock by the Trans-Siberian Railway. He has written so many operas in rapid concussion that he has exhausted his fertility,



MISS ETTA BUTLER AS AMINA.

and a long period amid new scenes, remote from those of which every comic-opera patron has grown tired, may give him back some of his former freshness. The music of Mr. Aimé Lachaume is conventional and colorless, the most successful number being a little Irish song interpolated in the second act.

Miss Lulu Glaser, who has the title rôle of *Angela Chumpley*, the *Prima Donna*, sings well and is good to look at, but her smug self-satisfaction is as pronounced as ever and antagonizes her audience. Miss Toby Claude, whose likeness is shown at the head of this notice, is a grotesque little creature who can sing a little and who, with a proper part, would be very funny. The principal

honors among the women performers fall to Miss Etta Butler, a comely graduate from vaudeville, who can both sing and act. With attention to her work Miss Butler should have a future. The rest of the cast consists mostly of a large chorus of pretty and becoming ungarbed young women.

"The Prima Donna," in the form in which it was first presented, gave all the evidences of early decease, but revivifying moribund entertainments is a fine art nowadays, and this one may be successfully blue-pencilled and strengthened into an available attraction by the addition of new material.

Metcalfe.

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Broadway*.—Elaborately staged melodrama, "The Price of Peace." Exciting and worth seeing.

*Republic*.—Rural comedy, "Lovers' Lane." Good of its kind.

*Garden*.—Paul Potter's "Under Two Flags." Scenic and interesting.

*Daly's*.—Bright and tuneful "San Toy" goes on forever.

*Empire*.—"Diplomacy," by stock company. Excellent play moderately well acted.

*Garrick*.—Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Clever and amusing comedy.

*Wallack's*.—Henrietta Crosman in a new mounting of "Mistress Nell." Clever historical comedy, well acted.

*Bijou*.—Amelia Bingham and excellent company in "The Climbers." Worth seeing.

*Victoria*.—"My Lady." Extravaganza and vaudeville at reasonable prices.

*Knickerbocker*.—Light, musical burlesque, "The Casino Girl," at high prices.

*Criterion*.—"When Knighthood Was in Flower." Poor dramatization of the book, with Julia Marlowe as *Mary Tudor*.

*Academy of Music*.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" on a large scale. Worth the price of admission.

*Herald Square*.—"The Prima Donna"

*Madison Square*.—Augustus Thomas's light comedy, "On the Quiet." Fairly well presented.



*Frog (released from the Silurian strata):* GOOD MORNING, PEOPLE. WHAT DID PHARAOH SAY THIS MORNING ABOUT THE HAZING WE GAVE HIM YESTERDAY?



THE SPRING POET.

"Now, let me see," the poet said, "what word will rhyme with lamb?"

And like an inspiration came a joit suggesting ramb!

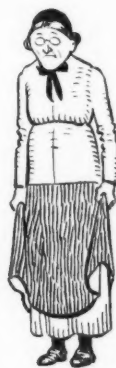
BY THE WAY THEY HOLD THEIR SKIRTS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.



SOUBRETTE.



LITERARY.



SAG CORNERS.



AT THE RACES.



SUMMER RESORT.



THE BOWERY GRAB.

### Handed Down.

**BRIGGS:** Where do you suppose women get their propensity to lie about their ages?

**GRIGGS:** Why, from Eve, of course. That lady must have been full thirty when she was born.

### Progress.

**"HOW** are your children getting on at school?"

"First-rate. Almost as well as if they had stayed at home and played."





"BEHOLD ON WRONG SWIFT VENGEANCE WAITS."

### Ye Lyre.

WE were inclined that day towards charity and all credibility. So when Our Acquaintance remarked of An One that he was a liar, we protested.

"It is not meet so to stamp the absent," we observed, gently.

"But," said Our Acquaintance, "he said the gripman stopped the car for him on signal, permitting him to enter in safety."

"It is possible," we returned. "He may have looked like Mr. Vreeland."

"But," insisted Our Acquaintance, "he said the conductor gave him a nickel piece in change for a dime, although a lady had just paid five pennies into the conductor's hand."

"Still," we persisted, stubbornly, "the conductor may have been saving pennies to drop in the slot machine in exchange for the gum that's round."

"Granting that," said Our Acquaintance, "but he made statement that, on reaching the stables, no employe appeared and shouted, 'All out; take the car ahead.'"

Then, and not till then, did we denounce him. "Out upon him for a three times third degree lyre of a thousand strings," we thundered. "The truth is not in him, and the spirit of Ananias is abroad in his part of the land. May a murrain seize his truthless tongue and a pestilence pounce upon his lying lips."

### Great Power.

"FOR a preacher, he has a remarkable brevity, hasn't he?"

"Wonderful! Never saw a man who could concentrate so much dullness in such a small space."

### Our New Tactics.

A FIG for the generals who fight  
With their enemy face to face!  
A fig for the men of might  
Who contest in an open race!  
A fig for the old-time way!  
We are learning a thing or two;  
And why should we fight to-day  
If lies and deceit will do?

If we've mastered the forger's art  
And can copy our foeman's name—  
If we've studied the actor's part  
And can play the confidence game—  
If forgery, fraud and the like  
Can be learned at our army-schools,  
Let us forge each sword and pike  
Into counterfeiters' tools!

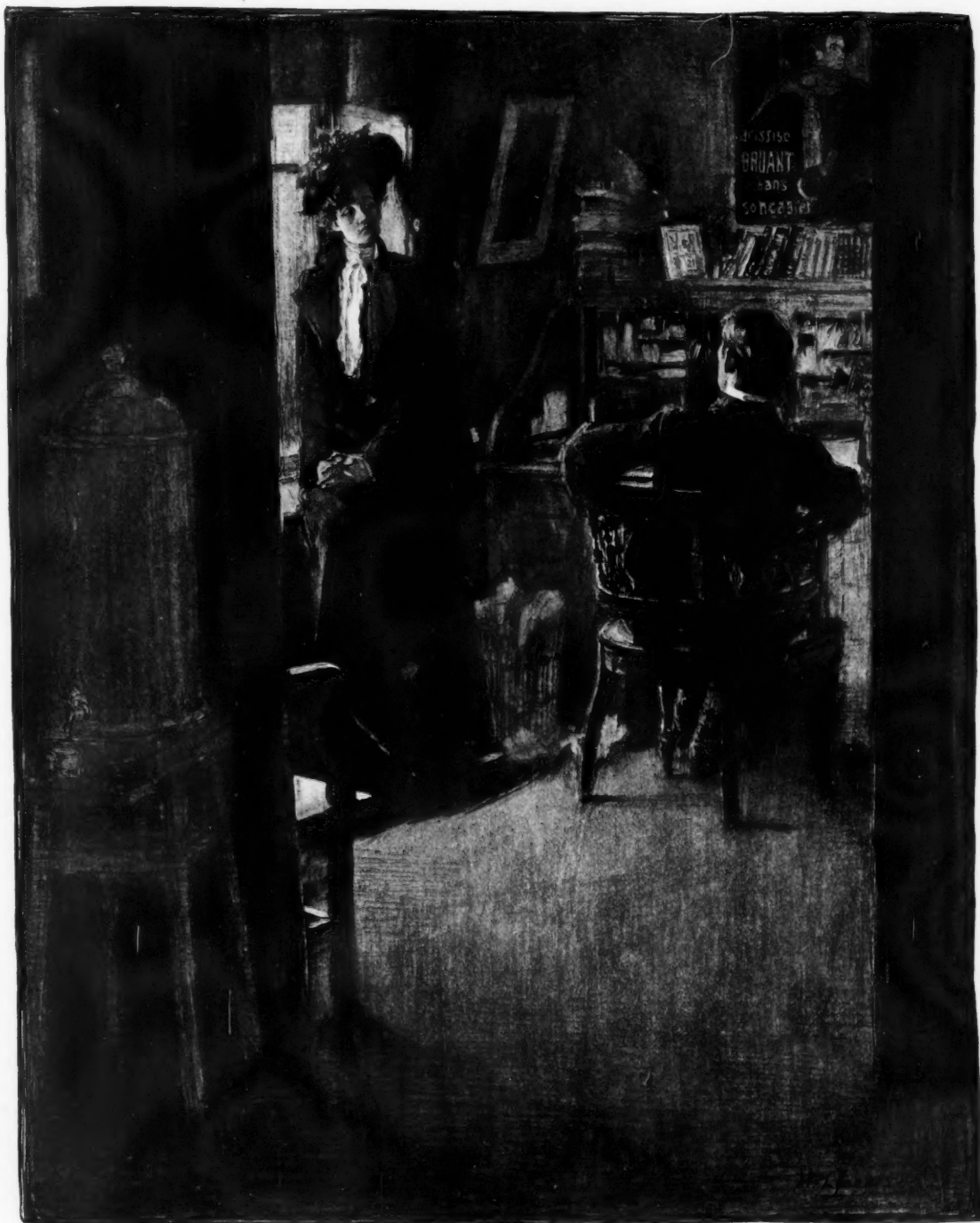
We have done with the sabre and gun—  
With the charge and the double-quick;  
And we boast of victories won  
By the three-card-monte trick.  
Now blazon it near and far  
That the ends of the earth may hear  
Of our bunco-steering war  
With its green-goods brigadier!

Then ho! for a laurel-crown  
To place on our hero's head  
And adorn the high renown  
Of the treachery that he led!  
Let us honor his sterling worth  
And his chivalrous, manly course—  
With the chief detective's berth  
On the Tombs-Police-Court force!

Ernest Crosby.



Pig: NO, I NEVER EAT JAM, IT MAKES ONE LOOK SO UNTIDY.



PREPARING FOR A SIEGE.

*Wife:* THE LAST TIME I ASKED YOU TO GIVE ME SOME MONEY YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T BECAUSE THE CASHIER WAS SICK—NOW YOU SAY IT'S THE TREASURER.

*Husband:* I KNOW IT—HE CAUGHT IT FROM THE CASHIER AND NOW I'M AFRAID THE SECRETARY WILL GET IT.

# • LIFE •



## MISS VIOLET.

Miss Violet displays no hood,  
Nor garbs herself as violets should—

She sports a witching hat;  
Nor is she found in dim retreat,  
But often on the crowded street  
Her boots go pit-a-pat.

The merry eyes that should be blue  
Are laughing brown, and bright as dew,  
The gallants to beguile;  
And 'twixt her dimpled cheeks of rose  
There tilts a fascinating nose  
Which haunts me all the while.

She drives a pony in the park,  
She keeps a pair of pugs that bark—  
I hate those dogs, I do;  
Whene'er I breathe a compliment,  
Such desolating yawns they vent—  
Perhaps she taught them to!

She counts her lovers by the score;  
They meet with frowns as they adore.  
O would that I were he—  
The lucky swain to win the fair!  
By turns I hope, by turns despair—  
I wonder who 'twill be?

Ah, if some fairy in a trice  
Would make my hand a chocolate ice,  
My heart a caramel,  
Perchance she'd take me then; but, ah,  
I have no fairy godmamma  
To work the happy spell.

—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Transcript.

RAJAH SURAN, who was one of the earliest rulers of India, overran the entire East with the exception of China, killed innumerable sultans with his own hand, and married all their daughters. It is said that when the Chinese heard of his triumphant progress, and learned that he had reached their frontier, they became much alarmed. The emperor called a council of his generals and mandarins, and upon the advice of a crafty old mandarin the following stratagem was carried out: A large ship was loaded with rusty nails, trees were planted on the deck, the vessel was manned by a numerous crew of old men, and dispatched to the rajah's capital. When it arrived (the most wonderful part of the story is that it did arrive), the rajah sent an officer to ask how long it had taken the vessel to make the trip from China. The Chinamen answered that they had all been young men when they set sail, and that on the voyage they had planted the seeds from which the great trees had grown. In corroboration of their story they pointed to the rusty nails which, they said, had been stout iron bars as thick as a man's arm when they started. "You can see," they concluded, "that China must be a very long distance away." The rajah was so much impressed by these plausible arguments that he concluded he would not live long enough to reach China, and abandoned his projected invasion.—Argonaut.

For those that enjoy this sort of thing there will undoubtedly be a great deal of enjoyment in the following paragraph which has been forwarded to *The Evening Sun* by a correspondent who signs himself "R. H. Dictated," and says that he is very anxious to see it in print, as he wants to show it to his mother.

"In Florodora, When Knighthood Was In Flower, Captain Jinks and his Brother Officers, who, On And Off, had served Under Two Flags, visited My Lady In the Palace of The King to discuss the Price of Peace. Each was asked On

the Quiet, Are You a Mason? A Young Wife from the Wild West joined the Giddy Throng and she suggested a visit to Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Rogers Brothers in Central Park. On the Way, in Lovers' Lane, they met Monte Cristo and Robin Hood, who were discussing as to which one was To Have and To Hold San Toy."—*New York Evening Sun*.

SOME time ago a well-known Pacific Coast attorney, who prides himself upon his handling of Chinese witnesses, was defending a railway damage case. The lawyer is a bit near-sighted, so failed to note when a Chinaman came upon the stand that the witness' clothing was of finer texture than the ordinary Coolie. Instead of following the usual questions as to name, residence, if the nature of an oath were understood, etc., the following dialogue ensued:

"What your name?"

"Kee Lung."

"You live San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"You sabble God?"

"Mr. Attorney, if you mean 'Do I understand the entity of our Creator?' I will simply say that Thursday evening next I shall address the State Ministerial Association on the subject of the 'Divinity of Christ' and shall be pleased to have you attend."

When order was restored the examination proceeded upon ordinary lines, but to the day of his death the lawyer will never cease to be asked if he "sabble God?"

—Exchange.

MOTHER BEAR, standing at the door of her home in a Colorado cave one morning, kissed the two youngest Bears good-by, and then raised an admonitory fore-claw.

"Now, children," said she, "come straight home from school, or the Vice-President will get you."

—*Minneapolis Journal Junior*.

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to taste something good,  
open a cold bottle of

# Myles Standish Ginger Ale

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like it. IT DOESN'T BURN

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Hotel Earlington and St. James Hotel (June to October).  
30 years connected with  
**E. M. EARLE & SON,** Earle's Hotel.

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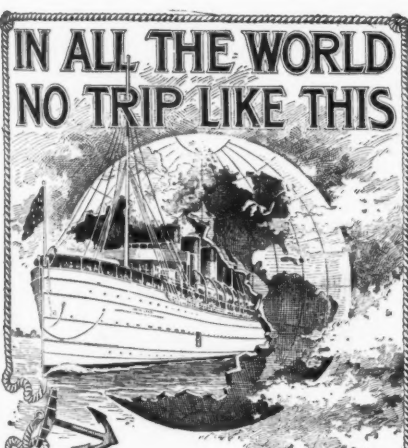
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Name, and send 16 cents for samples worth double

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A new steamer and a bi-weekly service to CHICAGO and MILWAUKEE, in addition to the Duluth service, will be added this season which opens early in June. Take it in visiting the Pan-American Exposition. For printed matter giving particulars, address  
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Purity

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BUTTON  
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Lies flat to the leg—never  
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

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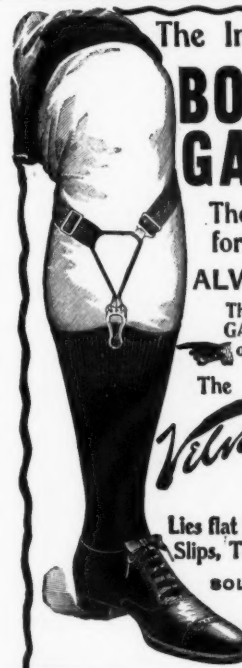
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**EVERY PAIR WARRANTED**



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his scientific formula for

## OLD CROW RYE

and placed it before the public, the finest Whiskey ever produced. Its success was so pronounced that the formula has never been changed. It is made to-day in the same manner.

**GOLD MEDAL awarded, Paris, 1900**

**H. B. KIRK & CO., Sole Bottlers, N.Y.**

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

I HEARD the woodpecker pecking,  
The robin sing—then  
Before I could get to my window  
It was winter again.

—Chicago Record Herald.

PATRONIZE AMERICAN GOODS.

Especially when you know they are the best, like Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

"THERE are two acts yet," said the usher to the man who rather hastily started out of the theatre.

"I know. That's just the reason I'm leaving."

—Philadelphia Times.

MRS. WUNDER: What will the historical novelist of the future find to write about?

MR. WUNDER: Pat Crowe, Mrs. Nation and William Jennings Bryan, I suppose — Baltimore American.

YOU HOLD GOOD CARDS

When you play with Bicycle Playing Cards.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN M. ALLEN, of Mississippi, once heard a pithy funeral sermon delivered by a negro preacher over a defunct dandy. The dead man had been fond of attending gay parties, where he whistled and danced, and these practices the preacher did not approve, so he said:

"My brethren and sisters, we are here to pay our last sad respects to our departed brother. Some says he was a good man and some says he was a bad man. Where he has gone to we can't tell, but in our grief we has one consolation, and that is—that he is dead!" — Argonaut.

MAID, WIFE OR WIDOW,

Bachelor, husband or widower, all find telephone service useful at all hours of the day. None who values comfort, neatness and despatch can afford to be without it. Rates in Manhattan from \$5 a month. New York Telephone Co., 15 Day St., 111 West 38th St.

MRS. NEWBRIDE (with an air of triumph): Really I was greatly surprised to get a wedding present from the Vander Glids. They are so exclusive, you know.

MISS JELLUS: Yes, but they are very charitable, I believe.—Philadelphia Press.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"A MEETING," says a Kansas paper, "will be held on Saturday night to hear complaints or suggestions from those most interested in our cemetery." And yet it is a foregone conclusion that those most interested in the cemetery will neither make a complaint nor suggest a suggestion. For where else are those more contented with their lot?

—Kansas City Journal.

"I SEE that one of the newly appointed patrolmen made an arrest within twenty minutes after he assumed his duties," said the observant citizen to the experienced policeman.

"That's nothing," smiled the latter. "I went to sleep while my commission was being handed to me."

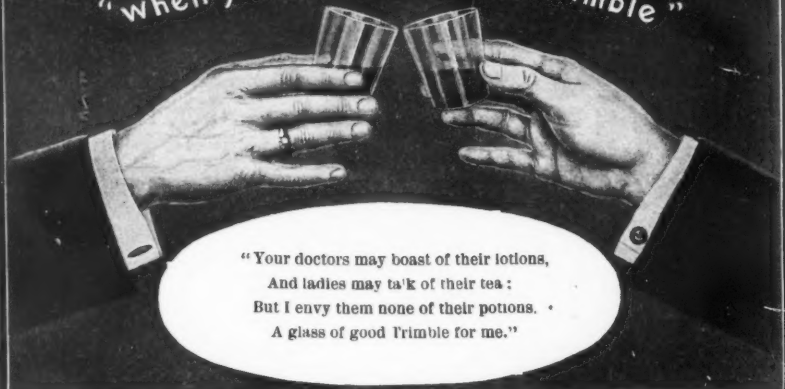
—Baltimore American.

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NEW YORK  
OR ST. LOUIS

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"Your doctors may boast of their lotions,  
And ladies may talk of their tea;  
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(Mention this magazine)



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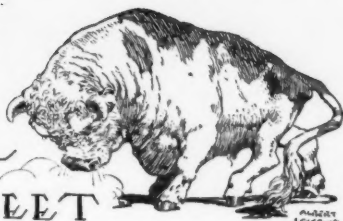
GAME

IN



WALL

STREET



"Oh, George, tell them to stop,"

That was the cry of Maria.

But the more she cried "Whoa!"

The more they let go,

And the swing went a little bit higher.

*Old Song.*

\$ \$ \$

THE timid Maria in this case is the gentleman very frequently found in Wall Street nowadays, who thinks the market has gone mad and who is looking for that inevitable break in prices. The more he cries "Whoa!" not a dealer lets go, and prices get a little bit higher—in fact, quite a big bit higher, as in the case of Union Pacific this week.

\$ \$ \$

WHETHER Union Pacific is to gobble Nor'west and guarantee returns, or Nor'west is to gobble Union Pacific, and do the same thing, has been a matter in question. Every indication has been that Nor'west was to be the gobbler and U. P. the gobbled, with a six per cent. income guaranteed on the common stock of the latter. The Vanderbilt interest in Nor'west is presumably greater proportionately than in Union Pacific, and the Vanderbilt policy in the past has been to bring outside properties under Vanderbilt control—not pass Vanderbilt properties to outside control. A one hundred per cent. rise in Union Pacific may seem in the light of looking backward a phenomenal and dangerous rise, but regarded in the new light as a stock with six per cent. guaranteed by the rich Nor'west and the road forming a link in the more closely cemented Vanderbilt route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 108 does not seem at all a big price for it; 108 wouldn't be the market price, but a considerably higher one if the deal had been actually consummated on the six per cent. guarantee. The tremendous transactions of Wednesday in this stock at constantly advancing prices show that there is something more than a merely speculative tip abroad.

\$ \$ \$

THE promised watermelon in Consolidated Gas has not yet been cut, and speculators who bought it on the theory of getting immediately three hundred dollars in bonds, preferred and common stock, for one hundred of the present issue have been disappointed in the market value of the stock. It should be remembered that the persons in control of the property have a way of making their moves when it suits their own

convenience, and that watermelon will be served when they get good and ready.

\$ \$ \$

THE Monroe doctrine doesn't seem to go in the world of finance. England boldly invades New York with a bond issue and gets away with the goods. The vague wording of the cables and local prospectus leaves it in doubt, at present writing, whether she gets seventy-five millions or one hundred and fifty millions of our good money, but, at all events, she got all she asked for. Fortunately for the American money market the payments on subscriptions to this loan are extended over several months, and should trade conditions remain as they are we will not feel the strain severely. That always mysterious and apparently unknowable factor—the extent to which English and other foreign investors are absorbing American stocks—may enter into the situation and entirely relieve us from the strain.

\$ \$ \$

ON the week's transactions to date the line of plusses which marks advances is practically continuous. There have been recessions, but as soon as the public could get its breath the buying has gone on again with renewed vigor. "Where will it end?" is the prevailing inquiry, and echo having answered "Where?" jumps in and buys another block of shares.

\$ \$ \$

IS Uncle Russell Sage right, or is he just a back number raven who has been left behind by the procession? He is pictured by the daily prints as sitting up, flopping his wings in a melancholy way and croaking that the public has gone crazy and is paying ridiculous prices for properties it knows nothing about. Uncle Russell has seen a good deal of the stock market and has been a pretty big part of it, but even he never saw such dealings as the present ones, and his experience may have lost some of its value through changed conditions. The dealings in Union Pacific alone on Wednesday last were greater than a whole day's business of the Exchange only a little while ago. At the same time what the Sage of Wall Street says of the public's ignorance of what it is dealing in is largely true, and the tip players are bound to get the worst of it in the long run.

\$ \$ \$

SPEAKING of tip players, what about the morality of the newspapers who

print the advertisements of the professional tipsters who have as much real knowledge of the market as the man in the moon? Mr. James Gordon Bennett has been frequently criticised for living on the profits of the Herald's immoral "Personal" column, but some of his severest critics are accepting equally dirty money from the sharks who prey on the public with their hind-sighted knowledge of what stocks are going to do.

\$ \$ \$

THE Produce Exchange people are kicking themselves for letting the Stock Exchange in on their ground floor at a twenty-five thousand dollar rental. Since the arrangement was made the Produce Exchangers have realized that they had the only place where the other organization could conduct its business and that they might have asked any price within possibility and got it.

\$ \$ \$

BUT the Produce Exchange is a hoo-doo, anyway, so far as its own affairs are concerned—the latest quotation for its membership being thirty dollars—and superstitious brokers are wondering whether the hoo-doo will be strong enough to break the present boom in stocks.

\$ \$ \$

NOTWITHSTANDING the persistent tip that Steel Preferred is a good investment and will sell at all sorts of prices before July first, the investing public isn't taking to it very kindly. A seven per cent. stock in the nineties looks tempting, but the previous experience of the public with industrials is well calculated to inspire timidity. The general understanding was that the combination would not only reduce expenses and make money for its owners, but that it would justify its existence and make itself popular by reducing prices to the consumer. The only important step taken so far by the company reflecting its policy is an advance of two dollars a ton in steel rails—not important in itself, but as showing the direction of the wind. The concern is bound to make enemies enough without doing so unnecessarily, and this uncalled for advance is not calculated to inspire confidence in its management.

*A. Lamb.*

WALL STREET,  
THURSDAY, April 25.



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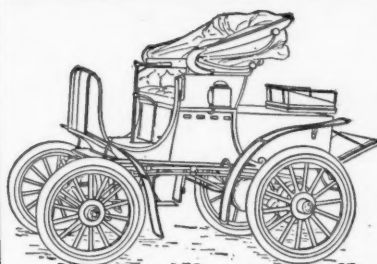
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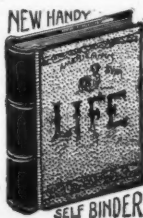
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